

1600/1282.

AN
ADDRESS
TO
HIS MAJESTY,
ON HIS LATE
PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE
FROM THE
HORRID ATTACK OF AN ASSASSIN,
AT
DRURY-LANE THEATRE,
MAY 15th, 1800.

WRITTEN THE END OF MAY, 1800.

WINDSOR:
PRINTED BY C. KNIGHT, CASTLE-STREET.

1800.

1600/1282



AN
ADDRESS
TO
HIS MAJESTY, &c.

BLESS'D be the Pow'r by whose preserving care
Our Sov'reign lives,—we're shielded from despair!
Bless'd be the Pow'r by whose unerring will
Our lov'd Protector is made dearer still!
In Thee, Britannia boasts her fav'rite Child,
Thee, upright Monarch! gen'rous, brave, and mild!
Hear, nor disdain an humble Subject's voice,
Hear how each bursting heart cries out—"rejoice!"
Thy Queen, (in one emphatic sentence true,
I sum up all her worth—she's worthy you.)
Thy Sons, thy Daughters, and thy Children all,
(For such, O such! I must thy Subjects call,)
O could I their excess of joy impart!
O could I speak the feelings of each heart;

For each full bosom, heaving with delight,
Throbs to discharge its burthen at thy sight!

Hero, or Saviour of his Land was nam'd,
He who brav'd death, less sorrow'd—for than fam'd;
He who by friend, nor relative, was sway'd,
And who a blind, but mis'nam'd, zeal obey'd;
So Manlius sentenc'd—Curtius, Cato, died,
Ardor was pleas'd, and courage satisfied:
But O mistaken courage! ardor vain!
Unlike thy courage, Sov'reign of the main!
True magnanimity, true valor, thine,
Strengthen'd by rectitude, by truth divine;
Upheld by conscience, spotless, steady, pure,
Firm as the rock, in its own strength secure;
Bold as the noble beast, thy Country's crest,
'Tis Innocence that arms thy dauntless breast.

Hibernia glad accepts thy fost'ring hand,
No longer mourning o'er her hapless land;
For thou dispell'st the recent prospect drear,
And discord flies, and smiling hope draws near;
And soon shall thy paternal, watchful care,
Heal wounds unnat'ral—ev'ry breach repair;
Then one united Empire, ev'ry hour,
Shall feel the benefit of virtuous power;
It soon shall all to sense and duty bring;—
Who could be Rebel, did he know his King?

So, as a Ship, of stormy winds the sport,
 Afar is driven from her destin'd port,
 For many a distant league, incessant tost,
 All hope of shelter, safety, nearly lost,
 Gladly, at last, her native shore regains,
 And there, in sweet security remains.

Our first-form'd Parents, Lords of all the world,
 Lost first themselves, were then to ruin hurl'd;
 But you like Abdiel, faithful found alone, [Throne.
 Shall, with yourself, save Country, Friends, and
 Sov'reign of hearts! your conduct, matchless Lord,
 Your glorious conduct, ages shall record;
 No perils, public, private, can appal,
 Unshaken, you alone, abide them all;
 Warm'd by Religion, to *your* Ruler true—
 Monarchs and Nations all look up to you.

Mary Sudley



(Lady Sudley)

AN
ADDRESS
TO HIS MAJESTY,

ON HIS

Providential Escape from the Horrid Attack of an Assassin,
at Drury-Lane Theatre, May 15th, 1800.

AS IT WAS ALTERED AND SPOKEN IN THE
CHARACTER OF A SOLDIER,

At a Fête at Frogmore, given by HER MAJESTY,

JULY 14th, 1800.

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Bless'd be the Pow'r by whose unerring will
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Thee, upright Monarch! gen'rous, brave, and mild!
Hear, nor disdain an humble Soldier's voice,
Hear how each bursting heart cries out—"rejoice!"
Thy Queen (in one emphatic sentence, true,
I sum up all her wish,—to equal you.)
Thy Sons, thy Daughters, and thy Children all,
(For such, O such! I must thy Subjects call,)
O could I their excess of joy impart!

O could I speak the feelings of each heart ;
 For each full bosom heaving with delight,
 Throbs to discharge its burthen at thy sight !
 Me, better skill'd to raise the threat'ning steel,
 They now depute to utter all they feel :
 Were but my pow'r proportion'd to my will,
 Were but my tongue and arm of equal skill,
 Then would the Language to the Subject reach,
 And rhet'ric fire and animate my speech !

'Tis thou can'st teach true courage to the bold ;
 'Tis thine its real meaning to unfold ;
 True magnanimity, true valor, thine,
 Strengthen'd by rectitude, by truth divine ;
 Upheld by conscience, spotless, steady, pure,
 Firm as the rock in its own strength secure ;
 Bold as the noble beast, thy Country's crest,
 'Tis Innocence that arms thy dauntless breast.

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C. KNIGHT, PRINTER.

